

The interesting fact is revealed that our paper money doesn't serve in the Philippines. It is "demonetized" there, not by business conditions, but by the native ants, that eat it up. Against such opposition the effort which has been made to introduce our currency in the way of paying the soldiers must perforce be abandoned. Nothing but gold and silver coin can be sent there.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.**  
For children, teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Torn carpets are always ready to trip the light fantastic toe.

**For Easy Ironing.**  
"Faultless Starch." No sticking, blistering or breaking. It leaves a beautiful finish and does not injure the most delicate fabrics. All grocers sell it, 10c a package.

No man who has never been tempted by sure of his honesty.

**Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?**

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Drugists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The soap of the queen's household costs nearly £500 a year.

General Manager Underwood of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has issued an order that holders of trip passes, desiring to stop off at any station, will be allowed to do so. Conductors will note on the back of passes the name of the station in ink or indelible pencil, and this endorsement will be honored for passage by conductors of succeeding trains.

Bad luck causes a man to take a mental inventory of his friends.

## How Old She Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it.

Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look old.

One thing does it and never fails.

It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. At fifty your hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Shall we send you our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

**The Best Advice Free.**  
If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

**WHEAT WHEAT WHEAT**

"Nothing but wheat; what you might call a sea of wheat," is what was said by a lecturer speaking of Western Canada. For particulars as to routes, railway fares, etc., apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Department Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb.

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**A Natural Black by**  
**Buckingham's Dye.**  
Price 50 cents of all druggists or R. F. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

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**Cascarets**  
REGULATE THE LIVER

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GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, BURNS, SCALDS, SORES, ETC.  
25c a bottle. Sold by druggists.

## DICK RODNEY;

or, The Adventures of  
An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

### CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

Whoever among us had done this was guilty of wanton malice and treason to the rest of his friends—for friends we hoped we were, as well as brothers in misfortune.

We also examined the mutilated bread bag. In the side thereof was a clean slash a foot in length, made by some sharp instrument, and by this aperture the biscuits had been abstracted by some one who had inserted his hands through the fragile wall of our hut, which, as I have stated, was composed only of turf and branches.

The theft had been committed in the night, but by whom?

Was the thief one of ourselves? The eyes of each seemed to ask the hateful question of the others, and to repel their inquiring glances; but soon after three of our missing biscuits were discovered by Tom Lambourne, lying a few yards apart among the long grass, as if the abductor had dropped them during a hasty flight toward the woods or the Devil's Mountain.

"In addition to ourselves there is some one else on this island," exclaimed Hislop, emphatically; "and this accounts for the loss of the studding-sail boom; and without delay, this someone else must be discovered."

We dreaded lest savages might be concealed in some of the caverns or woods, and that they might come upon us in the night and slay all, or that they might make off with or destroy the long boat, our most valuable possession.

It was at once resolved that one of our number (to be regularly relieved) should remain in it day and night, armed with the hatchet, our only weapon, and that he should be well flogged if he slept or neglected the double duty of watching the hut and boat, which were close by each other.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### The Mystery Increases.

An immediate search was resolved upon. Lots were cast for the one who was to remain behind to guard our property and the duty fell upon me.

Armed with the boat stretchers, or with clubs which they had carefully selected and cut from the trees, Hislop departed with all my companions; and after proceeding over the grassy plain, they soon disappeared in the woods that covered all the lower slope of the great mountain.

I cannot describe the sensations of loneliness that came over me on finding myself for the first time single, alone, and left entirely to my own reflections and resources.

The carpenter's hatchet was my only weapon; and armed with it I sat on a grassy slope midway between the hut and sea gazing anxiously inland, listening for any passing sound; but all remained still, save the chafing of the waves on one hand, and the loud buzz of tropical insect life in the thickets or among the long grass on the other.

What, I asked myself, if savages were actually lurking in the woods, and, on seeing that all my companions were gone, they should come tumultuously down upon the hut and boat? I would at once become their victim.

Or what would be my fate if my friends fell into an ambush, or perished in detail?

Could any human beings be lurking in the two adjacent islets? was my next surmise.

We had never seen anything alive on them—not even wild goats or boars, and if there were other inhabitants, the steepness of the rocks, which rose sheer from the water, and the fury of the surf that rolled between, forbade any attempt to cross.

So in such painful surmises, and in keen watching, I passed the most of the day alone.

In the afternoon, one by one, all my shipmates returned to our little headquarters on the shore, weary and jaded—torn by briars and brambles in the thickets—and all had the same tale to tell. They had seen and heard of nothing save wild boars, wild goats and sea birds.

Hislop now directed that one of our number should guard the hut by night, and a second the boat, with orders to halt each other in this fashion:

"Boat, ahoy!"

"Hut, ahoy!"

This was to insure a watchful lookout; but with all these precautions, wise and necessary though they were, our feeling of security, and even of reliance on each other, was gone for the time.

As these occurrences excited the imagination of our companions, some of those who watched the hut and boat by night asserted that when all our party, save themselves, were safely lodged and asleep, something like the figure of a very tall man had appeared for an instant on the bluffs that overhung the sea, between them and the moonlight.

But of this mysterious personage, if such existed anywhere, except in the overstrained imagination of a lonely midnight watcher, we could discover no trace during the day.

One night, when Francis Probert and Ned Carlton were on watch, a sound like the distant report of a pistol

was heard by them, and at the same instant both saw a flock of petrels and storm finches rise up in the moonlight from the face of the bluff, where they revolved above the breakers, like a swarm of knots in a sunbeam.

So if Ned and the carpenter were mistaken in the sound, the birds were also roused and alarmed.

Mark Hislop ridiculed their story, but he was considerably bewildered, and so were we all when two days afterward a seaman named Hugh Chute, when rambling in the woods, found one of our goats, which we knew by the fragment of rope still tied round its neck, lying dead, with a bullet in its throat.

He brought it to the hut, where the wound was cut open and the bullet extracted. It was small, and had evidently been fired from a pistol; this event caused the most exciting speculations, amid which the carcass was hastily buried, as none of us would eat of it.

What or who could this person be? were the prevailing questions; and what was his reason for concealing himself from us, in the thick woods of the island?

In the thorough exploration of the latter, caused by these episodes, our people fortunately discovered a fine grove of banana trees, and returned laden with their yellow and luscious fruit.

At the same time Tattooed Tom found some letters "in a foreign lingo," as he said, cut on the face of a steep rock, overhanging the river, which formed the cascade at the beach. To this rock he conducted Hislop and me the next day, and after tearing aside some masses of creepers and scraping off a rich coating of moss, we found this old legend on the smoothed face of the basalt:

"El Noble Caballero, D. Alphonso de Albuquerque;  
A. D. 1566.

Rygvæn a Dios por el."

"The year of the discovery of the island!" said Hislop.

"Have other eyes ever seen this inscription since?" added I.

"It is very doubtful. This Alphonso also discovered the Albuquerque Kays, as he named the three islets which lie off the Mosquito shore in the Caribbean sea."

Hislop copied the inscription in to his notebook, and just as we turned to leave the spot a large stone, about sixty pounds in weight, came crashing down the cliff, hurled, apparently, from its summit, and, if so, by no inexperienced hand, for it struck the rock of the legend within a foot of where Hislop stood, and was shivered into a hundred pieces, covering him over with dust.

Had it struck him instead, he had been slain and mangled on the spot. Had a fragment broken any of his limbs, in how miserable a plight would he have been on that desolate island, without proper shelter or surgical aid?

Looking up to the summit of the cliff, which was about a hundred and fifty feet in height, I perceived among the dense fringe of wild gourds, shrubs, leaves and plantain trees, then waving in the wind, something like a human face, that after peering over at us, was suddenly withdrawn.

"That stone was never dislodged, either by goats or by accident," said Hislop; "there is not a vestige of clay upon the fragments—besides, all the face of the cliff is smooth and solid rock!"

"And it is the only place we did not overhaul yesterday," Master Hislop, said Tom Lambourne.

"Then there must be the thief of our biscuits—of our goats—"

"Of our stunsail boom and my old guernsey. Let us have all hands turned up for a hunt again," exclaimed Tom.

I now mentioned what I had seen.

"A man!—do you think it was a man's head?"

"I can not be certain, Hislop," said I; "it seemed a face of some kind, and a very hairy one, too."

"It might be an old pumpkin," suggested Tom, in his matter-of-fact way.

"Or a goat—at all events, it could not have been a baboon!" said I.

"No, no; there is no such animal hereabouts, Master Rodney," replied Tom.

"Man or monkey, goat or devil, we'll overhaul the place this very afternoon," exclaimed Hislop, with increasing energy, and anger; "but first we shall return with all expedition to the hut."

### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### The Mystery Solved.

All day the air had been unusually sultry and breathlessly hot, even for the tropics at that season; but when the sun sank westward, when the air became cooler, and the shadows of the island, with its wooded bluff and towering blue mountain, across the slope of which the light gossamer clouds lay floating half-way up, were thrown far eastward over that lonely sea which no keel seemed ever to furrow, we prepared for a further exploration, or, as Hugh Chute said, "to overhaul that cliff from truck to keelson."

Chute and Carlson were dispatched

to its base by the way of the river bank, and to where the cascade poured over the rocks, making the solemn echoes of the otherwise silent ravine.

Their instructions were to station themselves near the rocks which bore the Spanish legend—to keep a sharp lookout on the face of the cliff and all the way up to the grove of banana trees that grew on its summit.

Billy the cabin boy was left in charge of the hut and boat, while Hislop, with the rest of us advanced toward the cliff, up the sloping bank of which—its only accessible point—we proceeded to climb.

It was, or is (twelve months can make no change) a hundred and fifty feet in height, as I have stated, rising sharply up from the side of the great mountain, and is covered by a jungle of wild shrubs that must have been growing there since the days of the deluge.

The creepers with gummy branches, the sharp serrated grass, the yellow gourd vines, the wild tendrils and plants of which we knew neither the names nor the nature, were there interwoven as closely as a herring net, to the depth of seven or eight feet from their roots.

Amid this jungle the hum of the myriads of great insects which we roused and dislodged was deafening; while the black clouds of gad-flies and cockroaches were very bewildering, and, to say the least, annoying.

We floundered and fell as we waded through this sea of leaves and verdure; but rose and scrambled on again, pausing ever and anon, breathless and exhausted, to sit and fan ourselves, or to aid in pulling each other out of this jungle network, for it resembled that which sprang by magic spell around the palace of the sleeping beauty in the old fairy tale to huddle all intruders for a hundred years.

Hislop, who had not yet recovered his strength, was among the first to give in, and declare, when half way up, that "he could climb no further!"

Two or three took advantage of this admission to remain with him for a time; but I, refreshed by a ripe banana which had fallen from the trees at the top, and which I found just at hand, pushed on, and being lighter than any of my companions, got ahead of them all.

After half an hour's severe toil, during which my hands and knees were lacerated and torn by sharp blades of gigantic grass, and by the gummy creepers to which one's very flesh adhered at times, I reached at last the banana trees, the foliage of which waved like a gigantic plume on the summit of this isolated rock.

The banana rises with a stem which is about six or seven inches in diameter at the root, and from thence tapers upward to the height of eighteen or twenty feet, to where the leaves spring like a bright green tuft, broad, wavy, feathery, and drooping, as those of the palm do.

I uttered a shout—"To poacan!"—to my companions, announcing that I had gained the summit before them, and armed with my only weapon, the teak-wood spear, pushed my way forward between the smooth stems of the bananas, till I reached the abrupt brow of the cliff, from the verge of which I saw, far down below, the bright blue stream that rose on the slopes of the great mountain, running through the heart of the isle and glittering in the setting sun among groves and ravines, to where it poured in foam upon the white sandy beach, and mingled with the mighty Southern sea.

I saw also the figures of Chute and Carlton, as they stood near the rock which bore the inscription, but they could neither distinguish me nor hear my shout, which gave fresh ardor to those whom I had left half-way down, and who now resumed their ascent.

(To be continued.)

### A HISTORICAL ANCHOR.

That of the Cumberland Now on the W. H. Macy.

If the port anchor of the American ship W. H. Macy, now lying at Green street wharf, could talk it might unfold some wonderful yarns. The big but ungraceful mud hook swinging over the ship's bow was once suspended through the hawse pipe of the United States frigate Cumberland. When it was made nobody now seems to know, but it is more than likely that it began its career of usefulness with the launching of the Cumberland. It was on the Cumberland in 1861 when the war broke out and probably when the frigate disappeared under the waters of Hampton Roads. Between that day and the time that the Macy was launched, which occurred about fifteen years ago, the history of the Cumberland's anchor is unknown. "Old Cumberland," as the sailors call the big anchor, weighs about five tons, which is nearly twice as much as the average anchor used by sailing craft. The stock is sixteen feet long and of solid oak, which is as sound today as when it rested on the deck of the Cumberland. The ring, through which the cable passes, is large enough to admit the passage of the body of a full-grown man, and the flukes are just three and a half feet wide. The only signs of the anchor's past now visible is the name U. S. S. Cumberland stamped into the iron. Some of the letters are almost obliterated, but there is enough left to identify the anchor.

### Well Along in Years.

"Isn't Belle's husband old enough to be her father?" "Her father! Why, my dear, he's old enough to be a captain in the United States navy!"—Philadelphia North American.

Mme. Melba, when a girl in Australia, learned to be a good horsewoman, an acquirement which she has religiously kept up ever since.

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In Omaha they can't say those words without adding "at Hayden Bros." This big store has made that motto a household word there, and their free catalogues have carried it to nearly every state in the union. Every freight train out of Omaha carries big shipments from them to hundreds of customers. They sell in any quantity, great or small. Their customers get the benefit of largest spot cash buying and greatest assortments. Hayden Bros. are feeling elated over this season's mail order business and are looking forward to visits from thousands of their customers during the Greater America Exposition.

Captain Frederick Watkins is still on the wrecked steamship, Paris, which he commanded and refused to leave the vessel. He is stricken with grief at the disaster, and among his friends there is an evident fear that the mental strain has proved too much for him.

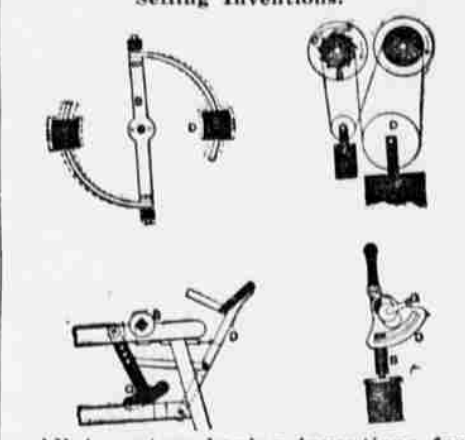
### "A Genuine Leader."

A leader is put forward to attract one's attention; it is not to make money with, except indirectly, as it may bring those who otherwise would not come. We have bought a very large order of fine navy blue serge that we guarantee to be strictly fast color. We have made it up into enough suits to supply our fourteen retail stores, a regular \$12 or \$15 suit, and we have decided to put this splendid value before the public for \$8 a suit, any size.

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Ex-Speaker Reed writes home that he is enjoying his European tour as he never enjoyed a vacation since his school days.

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to Mrs. Pinkham.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 75,444]

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